

CHIMMIE GIVES AND GETS VIEWS RELATING TO ATHLETICS AND SENTIMENT

By...
EDWARD N. TOWNSEND.

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By...
ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

Say de whole world has gone straight dotty on muscle. It was always so down where I hung out as a kid, but de fine haired end of de world has got it bad only since de time I began to pipe it off—since I got me job in Miss Fannie's office. When I fust come here all women, and most men, would go true a Summer without balking dere skins brown while trying to get long on muscle and short on fat. I fust thought it was only a bluff, and dat society mugs would get cold feet before dey got ready money. You can tell wedder dey is in earnest about it when a man like Mr. Paul will cut off his shot of small bots in a evening bet. I has me hand well into de game of guffing de plugs.

"Shall I fetch anoder bottle, sir?" I says to him, wanting to know wedder I could make a sneak, and butt in wif de odder solvents what was down on de beach, taking a salt bat by moonlight.

"No more to-night, Chammie," he says, after counting over on his fingers how many he has had. "No more to-night. I fust dat I goes after de tennis. If I do not deny myself, take away de empty bottles; dey reminds me of me toist."

"No sugar in me coffee," I hears Miss Fannie say after dinner. "Sugar runs me above me best riding weight, and I've promised to ride over to de polo game to-morrow. Will you ride wit us, Papa, or drive?" she says.

"I'll drive, me dear," Whiskers says, "but not in a trap. I'll drive at golf," he says. "Chammie, I'll want you to go to de links, wit me early in de morning, to recover lads, while I practice driving. It's astonishing," he says to Mr. Paul, "dat I drives much better when Chammie is wit me, dan when I has one of de caddies."

I wonder, De caddies isn't on to de graft. When Whiskers drives, I hangs out on de fair green, about eighty yards from de tee, wit a club in me fist, de caddies does; and when his ball comes along, looking tired, and ready to stop, I gives it a swat, carefree like, and sends it on its way about fifty yards further. Whiskers never sees, cause he can't wear glasses when he golfs; and he's so tickled wit his good work dat he tips me liberal—and near goes crazy dat he can't make dose wonder drives when I'm not dere to help a good thing along.

Well, having got me folks comfortable for de evening, I chases down to de bathing beach where de odder hands is having water sports in de light of de moon, and I joins in.

Duchess is dere, but she is shy on salt water. "Take a running jump, and come in," I says to her. "De water isn't feared of you; but I wonder de moon doesn't go under a cloud when it sees you in dose togs. What are you made up for, anyway?" I says to her.

"Don't be impudent, Master Chammie," she says. "I'm made up for style, and dat has nothing to do wit salt water. It would never hang right again if I got dis skirt wet."

"I'm glad you give it a name," I says. "If dat's a skirt you ought to give it something to me it grows. What is dose things you have on your feet?" says I, trying to grab her ankles to drag her into de water, and p'chee! dat golf had on high heel shoes!

But even Duchess has de croise. When de folks is all away from de house she plays croquet wit Maggie, de house maid; for she says it makes her belt line smaller to bend over and swat de ball. But croquet is no more exercise dan reading de baseball news is playing ball.

Even Kiddie had to be brought up in de fashion. Every morning de youngster is fetched to de noissey, in pajamas for exercising close, and I teaches her to swing clubs. Dat's a goodlooking job—club swinging—and I was de champion of de Roseleaf Social Oubling, and Life Saving Club. Duchess piped me giving Kiddie her morning lesson for a few days, and she says she would take a hand in de game herself. She did. De next time I give Duchess a lesson in club swinging I'll hire de wide, wide world for de gymnasium, and move out de stars and moons, and tings like dat, so dat Duchess will have room to woid when she broke everything in dat noissey, not barring her head and mine. Duchess told Kiddie not to tell dat she had been playing rough house; and to sweeten de Kiddie not to forget, Duchess got some marmalade for her. "Thank you Hortense," dat's Duchess—"Thank you, Hortense," says Kiddie, "but I milt not eat sweets in de morning, because dey destroys me waist line, and de little went on her way, wit her figure all right—like a little keg!"

And why Widdy? Say, honest, you wonder when she gets de time to take de exercise she must take to keep her figure as fit as it is. If dere's anything—but polo—in de line of exercise sports dat Widdy doesn't play I never heard de name of it. Duchess says dat she milt che Whiskers land Whiskers she'll give up her exercise, and grow so fat her trusses—how's dat? Trouseaux? Tanks—her trousseau won't do her a bit of good. I'll do Duchess a lot of good; for what Widdy can't or don't wear, Duchess takes off like a milt. But French gals can keep dere figures without training, and dat's why women's styles comes from Paris.

Widdy plays golf wit Whiskers. I know her game, and I know dat she can give him a stroke, a hole, and make him look like he was playing checkers; but p'chee! he always beats her. Even when she takes a stroke from him on de long holes, he beats her.

"Tell me why dat is?" I says to Duchess. "A man wouldn't play off his game like dat to be made President of Washington, and go to his office every day in all de yachts in de American Navy."

"President, bah!" says Duchess. "What is de President alongside Cupid?"

"Oh, he isn't so wise," I says.

"When a woman like Madam Harding"—dat's Widdy—"has made up her mind dat it will be of de social and woid advantage to make a marriage wit a man like Whiskers, it is de kind of a resolve dat works magic," Duchess says. "It is de kind of a resolve dat man knows nothing of—if he did he would be of such a fright dat he would make de laws to keep women in jail wit vells over de eyes."

"Doing time," I asks, "like de princesses in de Arabian Nights dat Miss Fannie reads de Kiddie?"

"De same," Duchess says. "Widdy is not juene-fille, but she is not yet of a certain age, and she has a desirable dot, and could marry any of many young men—but, she has de determination to marry Whiskers, and, foolish man, he think dat it depends upon him wedder she will or not. Mon Dieu! why does he not give up de struggle at once, and have time to think of something else?"

"But what has letting him beat her at golf got to do wit de lay-out?" I says.

"Truly, mon ami, one would tink dat you

have not de advantage of a clever wife—you ask questions so stupid."

"Cut de gammon," I says, "and get to de evidence."

"Whiskaire is of de common—what you say—is de man average."

"I wish his income was, too," says I. "Nine hundred and ninety nine such men out of a thousand marry de woman who is



de cleverest at flattering dere conceit. If dat woman is also of a stylishment—volla! c'est fait!"

"All over but de rice trowing, eh?" Whiskers doesn't know dat her chains are on him."

"Even a stupid woman makes a man tink dat her chain is his ornament. In France dese tings is understood; and a golf is not allowed to pick out de man she will marry; her parents do dat for her."

"Duchess," says I, "I was wondering wedder it is a good t'ing, or not, for me, dat your parents wasn't in America before I married you."

"It is foolish for men to consider such subjects—leave dat to women; dey is entitled to some amusement."

I wonder what dat golf meant? What she was saying about Widdy's golf set me to tinkin; and I remembers, before dey was married, Mr. Paul won most always from Miss Fannie, and she got a good handicap, dat dat. Since dey is married, she takes a mighty small handicap from him, and she wins out about as often as him. But what's de use of trying to figure out a game where dere ain't no rules; and where de woman is de only one who knows, for a fact, what de stakes is.

But I was going to tell you about our trip on de picnic of de Roseleaf Oubling, Social and Life Saving Club. Me fren de barkeep is de president of de Roseleafers, and he being Maggie de housemaid's steady she was going along wit me and Duchess. We all couldn't get a day off together, unless our folks was going away, too. But Duchess fixed dat. She knows dat Miss Fannie was tinkin about a day's visit to some frens over White Plains way; so Duchess put it up to her to go on de day of our picnic. "It wouldn't be altogether convenient to go on dat day," says Miss Fannie.

"I'm sorry," says Duchess. "Because Chammie and me and Maggie was going on a picnic on dat day; but of course if Madam is to be at home on dat day, we cannot go."

"Oh, very well," says Miss Fannie. "We have to go some time, so we may as well go dat day as anoder."

De Roseleafers is a good lot of boys and gals, but dere notion of gally-gally always takes in a scrap; and Duchess, being French, doesn't know how much good it does a man to have a scrap once in a while, to keep him in mind dat he isn't de whole woids, and dat dere is no real fun in de life dat hasn't to be hustled for. Me frens down Bowry way hasn't got no noise truffle dan odder folks; but dey is more truthful about what dey likes and doesn't like; and so, when dey feel likes a scrap—as all good men must once in a while—why, dey has one. Dat's all.

Well, say, Duchess and Maggie was dreams! Duchess was ragged out in some close Miss Fannie passed on to her, and Maggie was ragged out in some Duchess had passed on to her; and dey looked so much like de real t'ing me fren de barkeep blew us off for a carriage to drive down to de pier, where de boat was dat was to take us up de river. Dat was de beginning of de trouble—as, like as not, me fren knewed it would be.

He had a trouble of his own; he has been Maggie's steady a long time, but she wouldn't give up her place at our house and marry him. She wants him to shave off his fadders, and take a place as butler wit Mr. Paul. He could get de place, and would make a corker butler; which de same Mr. Paul knows, him sometime going down to me fren's place on de Bowry to study life, he says.

"I can't stand for it," says me fren to me, as we gassed de game together. "I own me own drum now"—drum? Why a drum is de place, a saloon. I taught you spoke de English language—"I've paid for me own drum, and am making more long green in a week dan me wages as butler would be in a mont. Maggie has

forgot de Bowry, along wit being trun in wit dose forn solvents, and she tink dat keeping a drum isn't high-toned."

Well, as I was saying, we drove down to de pier, and de gang gives us de gaff for cars, when de pipes of de carriage says, "Here's de Honorable Chimmie Fadden," says der. "What's de matter wit coming down by a street car. Or by hand. Make way for de silk haired ladies and gents!"

We jollied back, and nothing doing at fust, because when you gets in a scrap too close to de pier, some cop may see, and ring for de resolves, and come out in a patrol boat, and spoil de fun before it's half over. So we jollied de game along, quiet like, and started de dancing and singin, and pretended not to hear de tings dat was said what mean fight. Dat was hard, too, for I was long due on a scrap; and what wit all de exercise I has, teaching sports to visitors at our place, I was feeling dat I could give a good story to any one of me weight dat would listen to me.

Duchess started it. She danced wit me, and wit me fren, and was tating, so she rars to a golf dat she spees wit a mug of beer, "Me good woman," she says, "Give me dat glass of beer, and run and get yourself anoder."

De golf near drops de glass, she was so paralyzed wit de cheek of Duchess; den she let out a holler for her steady, who comes on de run. When he hears de story he near falls dere, too, and gets his gang; and dey comes over to where I am, Chimmie?"

"Sure Mike," I says, for I always kept next to me old gang; and I calls em together, and I says, "What's de doing?"

"Your Dago wife has insulted me lady fren," he says. "What are you doing?"

"Make a ring," I says.

He had no right to mix in wit me alone, for he was overweight, and soft, at dat, and I put him out of business, easy. But dat was only de commencement, for de gangs lined up, and when de man who was out had been dragged away we gets busy. Dere's one advantage in starting your scrap early in de day, for den every body is sober, and nothing but a fist is used; and when it is over dere is a chance for a hand-shake, and a gally-gally, like dere had been no discussion at all. It was beautiful while it lasted. Duchess, being forn, fainted at de sight of de fight, but Maggie, being New York, stood behind our gang, and gives us good tips to rush where de odder gang was getting shy. Our side won, bote on points and results; but none of us was as pretty as when de boat started. When we shook hands, and me fren, who was de floor manager told de orchestra to play, and called "All Waltz!" Maggie goes up to him, and she says, "Johnny," says she, "you done beautiful. I'll name de day whenever you like."

Den dey waltzed.

I looks up Duchess, and p'chee! I found de golf who started de row taking care of her. "Chimmie," says de golf, "It was a lovely scrap and your gang won, all right,



but if I'd remembered dat your wife was a Dago, and not onto our ways, I'd not been insulted by her asking for me to give up me stein. Now she's coming 'round, God and wash your face, before she sees you." Dat night when we gets home, and Duchess was patching up me peeper, she says soft like, "Chammie, are you much hurt?"

"Not hot at all, me dear," I says, giving her a kiss. "But you should seen de feily dat I milted wit foist. Why did you ask?"

"Because, Chammie, I started dat row on polpoose."

"What t'ell?" I says. "I didn't tink you had de notion. What did you do it for?"

"Because Maggie is a good golf, but she wouldn't make up her mind to marry your fren de barkeep."

"Did you tink he needed a mouse under his eye to make Maggie see what a good-looking he is?" I says, trying to get next to her woman argument.

"No," she says. "But all women need some reason for why dey will marry a man. Widdy was her reason, par example, and a good reason for her. Maggie, being de same kind of a woman, in anoder way, needed de same kind of a reason, in anoder way. Madam Harding see Whiskaire successful, in de only way dat she understand success, and she will marry him. Maggie seen her steady successful in de way she understood—and she will marry him. Comprenez vous? Woman is all alike—wit a difference."

The Dedication Prayer.
Our Father, joyful songs we raise
To Thee, in thankfulness, in praise.
Savior, unto Thy cross we bring
Contrition for Thy suffering.

To Thee, O Holy Spirit, we
Ourselves we give as sacrifice.
We beg that, as we celebrate
This day, dat Thou wilt consecrate
And richly bless Thy house.

Stretch out Thine everlasting arm,
Shield and protect it from all harm—
Bapt, Lord, unto Thy name.
Support its walls with Thy strong hand,
And in de doors Thy beauty stand,
Majestic and enduring.

With p'fect faith its floors inlay,
With utmost hope its arches stay,
Fill every part with love.

From out each window let the glow
Of holiness a radiance throw,
Proclaiming Thy abode.

The altar where Thy mercy clings,
Within the shadow of Thy wings
Enfold it close, we pray.

We gather 'round it and implore
Thy benediction, Evermore
Lift toward us Thy face.

As here we strive to aid Thy cause,
Make fast within our hearts Thy laws
Of righteousness and truth.

As living temples keep us free
From stain, sin, and sorrow may we be,
Fair homes where Thou may'st dwell.

Thy name, Father, may we glory
Thy name, Father, Thy goodness magnify.
Thus may we serve, O Wounded One,
As Thou wouldst have all service done.

Thus may we laud Thee, Spirit Bright,
Unchanging and unshadowed Light.
—M. W. D.

THE RESURRECTION OF HADES

By...
LEO TOLSTOI.

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It was in de days when Jesus Christ was de teacher of men. The religion he preached was so clear, so simple, so calculated to free poor mortals from trouble, dat all hearing Him were convinced of its truth—as a preacher and teacher He was a wonderful and victorious success. Beezebub, de master of Hades, was sorely distressed by this observation. He felt dat his power over man would cease forever unless Christ could be induced to stop preaching, but, resourceful as de chief devil is, he did not lose courage. The Pharisees and Scribes had remained loyal to him and were easily persuaded to attack de Savior and worry him. Next he went to His disciples and asked them to leave their master, calculating dat false accusations, de threat of martyrdom and apostasy of his, those he loved, would induce Jesus to forego his religious teachings.

Beezebub's persecution resulted in Gethsemane. Now everything was lost, for just before Jesus died de devil had tried de fetters, which he intended to place on de Savior's dead body, on his feet, and, struggle as he might, they remained. They seemed to have grown fast to his flesh. Beezebub sought to fly, but his wings were like lead and he could not raise them. And looking up, he saw Christ at de gate of Hades, from which multitudes of sinners issued, slinging psalms—all the sinners, from Adam to Judas. And when he, the last and worst of them had gone, de walls of Hades crumbled and fell, while its devils fled in all directions. Then black darkness ensued.

Centuries passed, so many dat Beezebub tired counting them. Suddenly the stillness of death was broken by howling and lamentations. The chief devil picked up his ears. It was scarcely possible dat Hades was resurrected after Christ had once saved de world. But the howling and lamentations and gnashing of teeth grew louder and louder. Beezebub got up to investigate and lo! de chains fell from his feet and he felt de powers of his wings return. He whistled, as in years gone by he used to whistle for his servants. And de fog above his head lifted and troops of devils put in their appearance, devils of all kinds, big and small, thick and thin, lame and alert, surrounded Beezebub, as vultures circle about carrion.

"Explain de noises I hear," ordered Beezebub.

A black devil stepped forward, grinning all over his face. "Hades, risen from ruins, is filling up again," he replied.

"But where do de sinners come from?" "From all over de world."

"And what became of de teachings of Christ?"

"We gather in sinners despite de teachings you speak of," said several other devils.

"They have forgotten all about them!" cried others.

Beezebub became thoughtful. "If I recollect rightly, dese teachings robbed us of our power over man."

"Correct, master," spoke de devil of hypocrisy, "but a few changes deftly introduced into dese teachings deprived them of their meaning. Men no longer believe in what de Savior said, but de adulterated chaff and nonsense substituted."

"Tell me how it came about," said Beezebub, and Hypocrisy reported as follows:

"After he had been driven from Hades and you, my lord, had withdrawn, I went upon earth and visited de countries from whence emanated de teachings dat proved so disastrous. Besides, human science calls de new faith, and I saw dat they were perfectly happy and contented, dere seemed to be no use trying to lead them into temptation. They held all property in common, their women were sweet and innocent, they never engaged in violence; they abhorred war. Even when attacked they refused to defend themselves, and to load their enemy wit benefits was their revenge for evil. Observing this I thought all was lost, but as I was about to return to de interior of de earth I noticed a discussion going on among some of de elders. Part of them believed in infant baptism, others preached dat certain foods must be abandoned. I singled out those most inclined to enforce their views and told them dat those were right and dat it was their duty to insist upon de acceptance of their theories by everybody else, seeing dat de worship and honor of God depended upon settlement of de questions involved. Empty-headed fools dat they were, they fell into de trap and de discussion developed into a quarrel. Then I went to de parties of de other side and made them believe de same thing, and de whole contingent upon de success and general acceptance of their view of de case. They were only too ready to believe me and de nation split. That much gained, I declared dat de truth could be established only by miracles and, presto, supplied them with de article wanted. It was not difficult either. Their eagerness, nay, passion, to be considered de only true religionists, made them believe anything I proposed."

"Thus I persuaded one party dat de word of God was revealed to them by tongues of fire; another lot was prompted by me to assert dat they had seen de master after death. And once induced to speak falsely dey daily invented other, more astonishing lies and soon they lied as well as de devil him."

"Nothing is changed, then, on earth?" asked Beezebub, slapping his knee with pleasure. "There are still drunkards and murderers about?"

"To be sure," answered de chorus, "more than ever." All de devils wanted to talk at once, and Beezebub had to exert his authority to restore order. "De Devil of Unchastity step forward and report. Let him explain how dese professing to believe in de great teacher's words can be seduced from de path of virtue."

"We still employ de methods dat you, master, introduced in paradise," replied de serving devil, "but have added a new trick. We persuade people dat a wedding with choir boys and organ accompaniment is de essence of matrimony, and dat love and mutual esteem count for nothing as long as de services of de priest are secured. Again, we tell them dat when man and wife get tired of one another de knot may be untied and another substituted—this process to be repeated as often as they like."

"Excellent, excellent," smiled Beezebub. "I am proud of you. But let us proceed. Which of you manages de department of robbery?"

"And continuing he addressed de robber-devil as follows:

"He who abolished Hades taught men true brotherhood, I am more than eager to learn by what means you succeeded in persuading his disciples to take to robbery."

"We followed your example, master; as you caused Saul to be made king of Israel, so we introduced monarchy in all civilized countries. The chief privilege of monarchy is dat of wholesale robbery, conferred in de Lord's temple, by placing a singular sort of headgear upon a certain individual's brow. He is made to sit on an elevated platform, a golden star in one hand, an orb

A Little Fable in which Count Leo Tolstoi, the Russian Cynic, Sets Forth His Views of His Fellow-creatures : : : : :

In another, while an infinitesimal quantity of oil, rubbed on de sides of his head and in de hollows of his hands, suffices to make him a sacred being.

"As such he is above de law—can do as he likes—rob people, murder them, anything he pleases. More often than not he is pleased to issue laws, conferring de privilege to rob on his friends and adherents. These latter, not royal like de ruling robber, they are called privileged classes. They always form a minority in de state, but, nevertheless, de masses submit to them in every way, manner or form. By this time they have made robbery a fine art."

Beezebub was highly pleased with de above report. Next de devil of murder was ordered up. "The Savior," he said to him, "taught mankind to love one's enemy. How can one be a follower of His and do murder at de same time?"

"De devil having charge of murder thereupon submitted to his satanic majesty a history of de Spanish Inquisition, of witch-burnings and similar atrocities, perpetrated in God's name. At first Beezebub hesitated to accept de views, but de devil of murder committed de same error, and de imagination. When his servants told him of de great wars conducted by monarchs and even by republics he cried: "Have de followers of Christ forgotten dat all men are children of de same father and dat it behooves them to love each other as brethren?"

"To make them forget," said de serving devil, "I persuaded each nation to believe dat it is de salt of de earth. The Germans think dere is no greater people than dat of Germany, Frenchmen declare France to be paradise, Russians hold de same view with regard to their country. And because Germany, France, Russia, Great Britain, etc., consider themselves better than de rest of de world, it follows dat each nation tries to dominate over de other. Each people mistrusts its neighbor, hates him and prepares, year in and year out, to slaughter him up at de very first opportunity. This is called 'armed peace,' a peace dat must necessarily lead to war, as, indeed, it makes for universal hatred."

"And you say Christian nations indulge in this sort of game?" asked Beezebub.

"They more than others. The heathens and Mohammedans are tame as turtle doves compared with de peoples who selected de cross as emblem."

"But is dere nobody intelligent enough, and courageous enough to say dat de Master's teachings are distorted, and, indeed, turned into vehicles of de devil?" said Beezebub, still unconvinced and wondering.

"De devil of pride undertook to answer de question. 'Men who might do so are too busy with de affairs in which their personal pride is concerned,' he explained. 'What de Savior said they have perverted on white—but who said what? He was, where He came from and what different meanings His words may possibly have are things full of promise to de juggler in words and facts.'

"And Christian men of science, are they not interested in de eternal questions?" asked Beezebub.

"As a rule dey devote more years to de discussion of de sayings of Aristotle or Socrates than minutes to de words of Christ. A great number of them are mammon worshippers, others waste their time on unprofitable inventions—unprofitable because they favor de rich few only, while de burden of de pauper majority is increased. Besides, human science calls de self infallible, a character denied to religion."

Beezebub rubbed his hands with glee. "You have done exceedingly well," said—"could not have done better if I had directed every stroke of business myself."

"Don't forget us, master," cried a dozen devils. "Like pride, murder and robbery, we do our best, making de re-establishment of Hades necessary."

"Well, make your reports, but be brief," ordered Satan. "I am eager to return to my kingdom and attend to business as in ante-Christ days. Who are you?" he asked an obstreperous little imp, making a great deal of noise.

"I am de devil of progress," was de smart reply, "and expert in demonstrating dat people's happiness depends on overproduction. I make them spend their lives manufacturing things which they don't want, and which those for whom they are intended cannot afford to buy."

"A good graft!" shouted Beezebub approvingly. "I dare say you sowed much discontent—our old Hades was full of that sort of sinners. Next!"

"I am de slave driver devil." With dese words de slave driver introduced himself. "I make it my business to teach people dat because machines work quicker than men, men must be made into machines. This is now done all over de world, and as a consequence class hatred is rapidly increasing."

"Every little helps," nodded Beezebub. "What have you got to say for yourself, slave one?"

"With your permission I am de demon of printer's ink, who keeps de masses informed, hour by hour, of all acts of foolishness, crimes and outrages committed in any part of de globe. My reports are so written as to incite imitation."

"De devil of culture told Beezebub dat he gathered in quite a number of souls by persuading men and women dat every man should be de Despot of Progress, Art and Slave-driving was essential to de welfare and advance of de human race no matter how many underdogs got hurt."

"De Devil of Stupidity told of his success in persuading people to forget their troubles under de influence of wine, liquor, morphine, tobacco, etc., while dat of Charity explained how hypocrites are manufactured out of millionaires who steal by de bushel and acquire a reputation for a charity by distributing ounces of their stealings among de poor. 'I am de Devil of Luxury,' of 'Fashion,' of 'Automobiling,' etc., etc., vociferated anoder batch of Satan's disciples. But Beezebub cut them short. 'I know your worth and congratulate you on your success. Each of you are suitably rewarded,' he said. Then he raised his wings and drew himself up to his full height, while de mass of devils formed a wide, impregnable circle around him. And above, in de resurrected Hades, dere was walling and gnashing of teeth.

LEO TOLSTOI.

Over a Pipe.

Over a pipe de Angel of Conversation Loosen wit glee de tassels of his purse, And, in a fine spiritual relaxation, Loosen a very spiritthrift, to disburse De sweet fair mint of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation Inform us thought, and earnest we rehearse De sweet fair mint of mutual admiration Over a pipe.

Heard in de hour's delicious divagation How soft de song de epigram how terse, With what a genius for administration We warms de rambling conversation And map de course of man's regeneration, Over a pipe.

Feed your horses JANE'S Dustless Oats.



Special Sale New Fall Goods

Since our fire we have bought everything new and are therefore showing goods dat are not only up to date but ahead of date. To make it worth the while for you to visit us this week we are offering some rare bargains, only a few of which are herein advertised.

Smyrna Rugs	Chinese Matting	Ruffled Curtains
Smyrna Mats, regular price 75c, now only.....	A 40c quality of plain Chinese Matting for only.....	Plain white Ruffled Net Curtains with Arabian lace insertion and edging, new styles, worth \$4.00 per pair; special price.....
57c	27½c	
26-inch Smyrna Rugs, \$1.25 value; this week only.....	A big bargain.	Striped Swiss Curtains, striped, plain and figured, regular price 75c per pair; bargain price.....
98c	Tapestry Portieres	\$2.98
30-inch Smyrna Rugs, worth \$1.50, now.....	A splendid assortment of new patterns and colors—blues, reds, greens and tans.	Ruffled Swiss Curtains, striped, plain and figured, regular price 75c per pair; bargain price.....
\$1.28	\$1.37	58c
Burmah Rugs	\$1.97	Another lot that sells for only.....
Rich Oriental colors, regular \$3.50 value, now only.....	\$2.87	\$1.09
\$2.50		
 The only store in the city showing an entire stock of new Fall goods		